

VA1

152337

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM CLIFFORD, M.A.

J. H. V. D. H. L. P.

COLLECTED IN THE VARIOUS EDITIONS

THE NEW EDITION. FEBRUARY 1826.

London:

Printed at the Falconbridge Library,

BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,

10, GANTHAM.

OR J. SMURF. AND J. J. W. W. W.

1807.



of Nov. 1878.

VA1

1523374

THE

2

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN PHILIPS.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,

103, GOSWELL STREET;

FOR J. SHARPE; AND SOLD BY W. SUTTABY,
STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1807.



CONTENTS.

	<u>Page</u>
ENCOMIUMS ON PHILIPS.	
<u>To the Memory of Mr. Philips, by Edmund Smith.....</u>	6
<u>Written in the midst of an Appletree over Philips's Cider, by William Thompson....</u>	13
<u>From Thomson's Autumn.....</u>	14
<u>From Tickell's Oxford.....</u>	ib.
<u>The Splendid Shilling,.....</u>	15
<u>Designed Dedication.....</u>	17
<u>Blenheim.....</u>	25
<u>Cider, Book I.....</u>	42
— <u>Book II.....</u>	71
<u>Latin Ode to St. John.....</u>	95
<u>Translation of ditto.....</u>	98
<u>Cerealia.....</u>	102
<u>The Fall of Chloe's Jordan.....</u>	109
<u>Bacchanalian Song</u>	113

ENCOMIUMS ON PHILIPS.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. MR. TREVOR.

BY EDMUND SMITH.

SIR,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
The bard, who spread her fame to distant shores,
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
My honest zeal if not my verse commend ;
Forgive the poet and approve the friend.

Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd ;
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd :
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore ;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh ! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauseous Town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd ;
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled Physic fail'd :
But since the will of Heav'n his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed ;

Fruitless our hopes, though pious our essays,
Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh might I paint him in Miltonian verse
With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's hearse !
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines!
His nervous verse great Boileau's strength trans-
cends,

And France to Philips as to Churchill bends.

Oh various bard! you all our powers control,
You now disturb and now divert the soul;
Milton and Butler in thy Muse combine;
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;
For as I've seen, when rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend;
This, on quick turns and points in vain relies,
That, with a look demure and steady eyes,
With dry rebukes or sneering praise replies;
So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style:
He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of grave Cervantes reigns.

What sounding lines his abject themes express!
What shining words the pompous Shilling dress!
There, there, my cell immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her best light the Comic Muse appears,
When she with borrow'd pride the buskin wears.

So when nurse Nokes to act young Ammon
tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes,

With dangling hands he strokes the' imperial robe,
And with a cuckold's air commands the globe ;
The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.

For give, dear shade ! the scene my folly draws,
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause.
When Orpheus sings, the ghosts no more complain,
But in his lulling music lose their pain.
So charm the sallies of thy Georgic Muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse ;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire ;
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams im-
prove,
Etruria's envy and her Cosmo's love ;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chianti vine,
Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine, }
And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine. }

Rise, rise, Roscommon ! see the Bleheim Muse
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse,
See o'er the Alps his towering pinions soar
Where never English poet reach'd before ;
See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend
By turns on Cosmo and the bard attend ;
Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home ;
In them he views her gods and domes design'd,
In him the soul of Rome and Virgil's mighty mind ;
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our Spenser, first by Pisan poets taught,
To us their tales, their style, and numbers, brought.

To follow ours now Tuscan bards descend,
From PHILIPS borrow though to Spenser lend;
Like PHILIPS too the yoke of rhyme disdain ;
They first on English bards impos'd the chain,
First by an English bard from rhyme their freedom gain. } }

Tyrannic rhyme ! that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime.
Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
Confines the fancy and the judgment guides:
I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties, }
Procrustes like the axe or wheel applies
To lop the mangled sense or stretch it into size : }
At best a crutch that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble but retards the strong,
And the chance thoughts when govern'd by the close
Oft' rise to fustian or descend to prose.
Your judgment PHILIPS ! rul'd with steady sway, }
You us'd no curbing rhyme the Muse to stay, }
To stop her fury or direct her way ;
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore
To wanton freely or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackled dancer tries,
As prone to fall as impotent to rise ;
When freed he moves the sturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleasure and secure descends,
Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,
Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.

Rail on ye Triflers ! who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air ;
Rail on at Milton's son, who wisely bold
Rejects new phrases and resumes the old :
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns,

The ancient words the majesty complete,
And make the poem venerably great :
So when the queen in royal habit is drest
Old mystic emblems grace th' imperial vest,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna stands confest.

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's and Batson's and through Smithfield
prais'd,

Cries out aloud—‘ Bold Oxford bard ! forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear.’
Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,
But paints in fustian or in turn deplores,
With Bunyan's style profanes heroic songs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs,
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
And in low prose dull Lucifer complain ;
His envious Muse, by native dulness curst,
Damns the best poems and contrives the worst.

Beyond his praise or blame thy Works prevail,
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail ;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,
And Dryden oft' in rhyme his weakness hides.
You ne'er with gingling words deceive the ear,
And yet on humble subjects great appear.
Thrice happy youth ! whom noble Isis crowns,
Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns.
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The listening nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung,
But cits and fops the heaven-born music blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame :
Like her sweet voice is thy harmonious song,
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.

Oh ! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,

How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread,
How opening heavens their happy regions show,
And yawning gulfs with flaming vengeance glow,
And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below. }
Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh! best of friends! will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day,
Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey? }
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend, }
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend? }
No more in false pathetic phrase complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse?
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
Who now our Twysden's glorious fate shall tell,
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplo'rd he fell?
How while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound,
Through streams of smoke and adverse fire he rides,
While every shot is level'd at his sides?
How while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front amidst a slaughter'd pile
High on the mound he died near great Argyle?

Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.

He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
 Yet more by conscience than by friendship sway'd;
 Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
 By favours past, not future prospects gain'd;
 Not nicely choosing, though by all desir'd;
 Though learn'd, not vain; and humble, though ad-
 Candid to all, but to himself severe; [mir'd];
 In humour pliant as in life austere;
 A wise content his even soul secur'd,
 By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd;
 To all sincere; though earnest to commend,
 Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
 To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
 Their tongues, their spirit, and their styles, his own.
 Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
 Our authours' works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
 Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
 The one his pattern, and the one his theme.
 With equal judgment his capacious mind
 Warm Pindar's rage and Euclid's reason join'd.
 Judicious physic's noble art to gain
 All drugs and plants explor'd, alas! in vain;
 The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
 Nor goodness now nor learning aught avail'd;
 Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
 And made him scorn the life they could not save.
 Else could he bear unmov'd the fatal guest, }
 The weight that all his fainting limbs opprest, }
 The coughs that struggled from his weary breast? }
 Could he, unmov'd, approaching death sustain,
 Its slow advances and its racking pain?
 Could he, serene, his weeping friends survey, }
 In his last hours his easy wit display, }
 Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay? }

Once on thy friends look down lamented Shade !
And view the honours to thy ashes paid :
Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design, }
With wit and strength that only yield to thine.
Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber and attempt to sing.
Thee PHILIPS ! thee, despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns,
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
And Cecil, weeps, in beauteous Tufton's arms ;
Thee on the Po kind Somerset deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores.
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise. }

But you his darling friends lament no more,
Display his fame, and not his fate deplore ;
And let no tears from erring Pity flow
For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

IN THE MIDST OF AN APPLETREE OVER

PHILIPS'S CIDER.

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON.

IF he, who first the Apple sung, ' the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,'
Unfading laurels won ; a branch awaits,
PHILIPS, thy youthful brow, who Apples sung
Innocuous, and with freedom bad us quaff
Their generous nectar 'neath their parent shade
Adventurous, nor in less inferior strains.
Like Milton too, you taught Britannia's song
To shake the shackles off of tinkling rhyme
Emasculate, unuervous, female verse.
Since modesty (still modesty attends
On worth like thine) forbids thee to accept
The parted wreath ; let Milton's be the first
Unrivall'd, be the second honours thine.
And now (for Leo from his flaming mane
Shakes sultry rays intense, provoking thirst)
O PHILIPS! while my well-glaz'd tube exhales
Nicotian fragrance, and my rummer shines
With Cider sparkling high, partake my shade,
Pleas'd with Pomona's haunts and cool recess,
Her purple-breathing births sweet smiling round.

FROM THOMSON'S AUTUMN.

PHILIPS! Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst in rhyme-unfetter'd verse
With British freedom sing the British song;
How from Silurian vats high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind,
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

FROM TICKELL'S OXFORD.

PHILIPS, by Phœbus taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought;
Unfetter'd, in great Milton's strain he writes,
Like Milton's angels whilst his hero fights;
Pursues the bard, where he with honour can,
Equals the poet and excels the man.

THE
SPLENDID SHILLING.

— Sing, heavenly Muse !
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

DESIGNED DEDICATION.

TO

WILLIAM BROME ESQ.

OF EWITHINGTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HEREFORD.

SIR,

IT would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the rise and progress of Dedications. The use of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors ; and we have reason to believe that it was continued, without any interruption, till the beginning of this century, at which time mottos, anagrams, and frontispieces being introduced, Dedications were mightily discouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restored, and by whom they were ushered in, is a work that far transcends my knowledge ; a work that can justly be expected from no other pen but that of your operose Doctor Bentley.

Let us, therefore, at present acquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present times a sufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem : especially since in this age Dedications are not only fashionable, but almost necessary ; and indeed

they are now so much in vogue, that a book without one is as seldom seen as a bawdy-house without a practice of piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, Sir, those who have no friends, dedicate to all good christians; some to their book-sellers; some, for want of a sublunary patron, to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help those hen-pecked writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! But while I talk so much of other men's patrons I have forgot my own; and seem rather to make an essay on Dedications, than to write one. However, Sir, I presume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for saying nothing to the purpose.

You, Sir, are a person more tender of other men's reputation than your own, and would hear every body commended but yourself. Should I but mention your skill in turning, and the compassion you shewed to my fingers ends when you gave me a tobacco-stopper, you would blush, and be confounded with your just praises. How much more would you, should I tell you what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language the Saxon? Since, therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove so troublesome, I shall offend your modesty no longer. Give me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem and I have done. This poem, Sir, if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject, the variety of images and the exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject of the poem is myself, a subject never yet handled by any

poet. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable Monsieur le Bog.

Yet since I am the subject and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vain-glorious. As for the moral, I have taken particular care that it should lie incognito, not like the ancients, who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses. But here you may look a good while, and, perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprise to the reader. What shall I say of the similes, which are so full of geography that you must get a Welshman to understand them? that so raise our ideas of the things they are applied to? that are so extraordinarily quaint and well chosen, that there's nothing like them? So that I think that I may without vanity say, *Avia Pieridum peragro loca, &c.* Yet, however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vast difference between some parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble servant's negligence, but diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money; and was finished when he had the misfortune, at a virtuous lady's house, to meet with both. But I hope, in time, Sir, when hunger and poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an *Essay on Minced Pies*, which shall be devoted to you with all submission, by

SIR,

Your most obliged

And humble servant,

J. PHILIPS.

THE
SPLENDID SHILLING.

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling ! he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale ;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall¹ repairs ;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis ; he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love ;
Mean-while, he smokes and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint :
But I, whom griping penury surrounds
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast !) my meagre corpse sustain,
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney or well-polish'd jet
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent !
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,

¹ Two noted alehouses at Oxford in 1700.

Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at the' Arvonian mart
Or Maridununi, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace a Dun,
Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do, or whither turn ? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole. Straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear, a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
So horrible he seems ! His faded brow,
Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode. In his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes : (ye Gods ! avert
Such plagues from righteous men !) Behind him stalks
Another monster not unlike himself,

Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
Erst have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till in form
Of Money Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So, poets sing,
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Pretending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin; so her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies; she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts or arms, or shapes of lovely hue:
The wasp insidious and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood

Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days; but when nocturnal shades
This world envelope, and the inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumming frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights: distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean-while, I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose;
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale
In vain: awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit, delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain.
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice

Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
Long sail'd secure, or through the' Ægean deep
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis, (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak
So fierce a shock unable to withstand
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage
Resistless, overwhelming: horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears; [pray:
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

BLENHEIM.

D

BLENHEIM.

FROM low and abject themes the groveling Muse
Now mounts aerial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero: may the verse not sink
Beneath his merits, but detain a while
Thy ear, O Harley¹! (though thy country's weal
Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counsels) since with every art
Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the Muses' seat,
Therefore thee first and last the Muse shall sing.

Long had the Gallic monarch uncontroll'd
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
As erst Sesostris (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yok'd,
(Base servitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
Lash'd furious, they in sullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load) nor less he aim'd
At universal sway; for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war,

¹ This poem was inscribed to the Right Hon. Robert Harley, 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons and Secretary of State.

Nor armies leagued, that diversly assay'd
To curb his power enormous; like an oak
That stands secure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores;
So stood he, and alone; alone defied
The European thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing the' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart thee chose,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air
And other climes, where different food and soil
Portend distempers: over dank and dry
They journey toilsome, unfatigued with length
Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-stretching hills,
All white with summer snows. They go beyond
The trace of English steps, where, scarce the sound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives: nor small
Encouragement. Godlophin, wise and just,
Equal in merit, honour, and success,
To Burleigh, (fortunate alike to serve
The best of queens) he, of the royal store
Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
The soldier's ease; to regions far remote
His care extends, and to the British host
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wish'd approach
The Germans, hopeless of success, forlorn,

With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
 New anitated rouse. Not more rejoice
 The miserable race of men, that live
 Benighted half the year, benumm'd with frosts
 Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
 Under the polar Bear, inclement sky !
 When first the sun with new-born light removes
 The long-incumbent gloom ; gladly to thee
 Heroic laurell'd Eugene yields the prime,
 Nor thinks it diminution to be rank'd
 In military honour next, although
 His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far-divided lands
 Victorious. On thy powerful sword alone
 Germania and the Belgic coast relies, [Anne
 Won froin the' encroaching sea : that sword great
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side
 When thee she'enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
 Illustrating the noble list : her hand
 Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
 Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
 Immediate sieges, and the tire of war
 Roll in thy eager mind : thy plamy crest
 Nods horrible ; with more terrific port
 Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.

What spoils, what conquests then did Albion hope
 From thy achievements ! yet thou hast surpast
 Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
 Could fear or fancy. They, in multitude
 Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
 Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
 From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
 Jovial his mate bespoke : ' O Friend ! observe
 How gay with all the' accoutrements of war

The Britons come; with gold well-fraught they come
Thus far, our prey, and tempt us to subdue
Their recreant force; how will their bodies stripp'd
Enrich the victors, while the vultures sate
Their maws with full repast!—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd:
‘ What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
Of base antagonists, with grinding edge
Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
Of Churchill met in arms! or if this hand,
Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe
Confounded and appall'd! No trivial price
Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
To lead him shackled, and expos'd to scorn
Of gathering crowds, the Britons' boasted chief.’

Thus they in sportive mood their empty taunts
And menaces express'd; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
Refrain. ‘ Why halt ye thus, ye Britons! why
Decline the war? shall a morass forbid
Your easy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way
Safe of access.’ Imprudent thus to invite
A furious lion to his folds! That boast
He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
He soon revisits Britany, that once
Resplendent came, with stretch'd retinue girt
And pompous pageantry. O hapless fate,
If any arm but Churchill's had prevail'd!

No need such boasts, or exhortations false
Of cowardice. The military mound
The British files transcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.

And now on either side the trumpets blew,
Signal of onset, resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might, for on the' event
Decisive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms. With less vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Caesar and Pompey, on Pharsalian plains,
Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gandy to behold,
Bold Champion! brandishing his Noric blade,
Best-temper'd steel, successless prov'd in field.
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
Presumptuous comes. Here Churchill, not so
To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins [prompt
With Eugene's German force. Now from each van
The brazen instrnments of death discharge
Horrible flames, and turbid streaming clouds
Of smoke sulphureous; intermix'd with these
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
Singing the air, and from long distance bring
Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly
By chains connex'd, and with destructive sweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
The' ensanguin'd field. With latent mischief stor'd,
Showers of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
Disploding murderous bowels, fragments of steel,
And stones, and glass, and nitrous grain adust:
A thousand ways at once the shever'd orbs
Fly diverse, working torment and foul rout,

With deadly brumise and gashes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high-prancing steeds
Disdain the curb, and flinging to and fro
Spurn their dismounted riders ; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroyed.

Thus through each army, death in various shapes
Prevail'd : here mangled limbs, here brains and
gore,

Lie clotted ; lifeless some : with anguish these
Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid
Unpitied and unheard ; the louder din
Of guns and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal scale
Long hung the fight ; few marks of fear were seen,
None of retreat. As when two adverse winds,
Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-sky
Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmost rage ;
Long undecided lasts the airy strife,
So they, incens'd, till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm : with speed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
Rolling in death : Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Him, thus enrag'd,
Descreying from afar some engineer,
Dextrous to guide the unerring charge, design'd
By one nice shot to terminate the war :
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miss'd her scope, (for Destiny withstood
The approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her
Beneath his courser : round his sacred head [way

The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O, beware,
Great Warrior! nor too prodigal of life
Expose the British safety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal press'd,
Awaits: this day of all his honours gain'd
Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift and fierce
As wintry storm, he flies to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks; (so Ajax interpos'd
His sevenfold shield and screen'd Laertes' son,
For valour much and warlike wiles renown'd,
When the insulting Trojans urg'd him sore
With tilted spears) unmanly dread invades
The French astonished; straight their useless arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
The hideous noise. What can they do, or how
Withstand his wide destroying sword, or where
Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
Resistless, the' eager English champions press,
Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls
His current swift the Danube, vast and deep,
Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach'd
New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw

Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the rest discomfited,
And push'd by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended flood;
Bands numerous as the Memphian soldiery
That swell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellously stood,
Observaut of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thousands float the stream
In cumbrous male, with love of farther shore
Confiding in their hands, that sedulous strive
To cut the' outrageous fluent. In this distress,
Ev'n in the sight of death, some tokens show
Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
Sustain; vain love, though laudable! absorb'd
By a fierce eddy they together sound
The vast profundity: their horses paw
The swelling surge with fruitless toil: surcharg'd,
And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The lingering remnant with unusual tide,
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So when some sweltering travellers retire
To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian stream, her tail
Of vast extension, from her watry den
A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth
Insidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew

Into the river whirls ; the' unweeting prey
Entwisted roars, the' affrighted flood rebounds.

Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
To gall their foes, o'erwhelm'd : full many felt
In the moist element a scorching death,
Pierc'd sinking : shrouded in a dusky cloud
The current flows, with livid missive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the' swift-footed son
Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursued
The straggling Trojans : nor less eager drove
Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
Into the deep immense, that may a league
Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distain'd.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, rescned harass'd powers
From ruin impendent, and the' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Sustain'd. With prudent stay he long deferr'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An host disparted ; when, in union firm
Embodied, they advanc'd, collecting all
Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdued ;
He, the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
Down to the realms of Night. The British souls
(A lamentable race !) that ceas'd to breathe,
On Landen-plains, this heavenly gladsome air,
Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
Unnumber'd ; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink the' oblivious lake.
Not so the new inhabitants ; they roam
Erroneous and disconsolate, themselves
Accusing and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance ; when lo ! they see

Through the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
 Two lovely youths that amicably walk'd
 O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd perhaps revolv'd
 Anna's late conquests; one to empire born,
 Egregious Prince ², whose manly childhood show'd
 His mingled parents, and portended joy
 Unspeakable; thou, his associate dear ³
 Once in this world, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
 Had thy presiding star propitious shone
 Shouldst Churchill be! but Heav'n severe, cut short
 Their springing years, nor would this isle should boast
 Gifts so important! Them the Gallic shades
 Surveying, read in either radiant look
 Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
 Delighted; till, in one, their curions eye
 Discerns their great subduer's awful mien
 And corresponding features fair; to them
 Confusion: straight the airy phantoms fleet
 With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit:
 The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.

Enough, O Muse! the sadly-pleasing theme
 Leave, with these dark abodes; and reascend
 To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
 The conqueror, and sav'd nations' joint acclain.
 Haik, how the cannon, inoffensive now,
 Gives signs of gratulation! struggling crowds
 From every city flow; with ardent gaze
 Fix'd, they beheld the British Guide, of sight
 Insatiate; whilst his great redeeming hand
 Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
 How Prussia's king transported entertains
 His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,

² Duke of Gloucester.

³ Marquis of Blandford.

Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate
Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and entreats to show
The skill and rudiments austere of war.
See, with what joy him Leopold declares
His great deliverer; and courts to' accept
Of titles, with superior modesty
Better refus'd. Meanwhile, the haughty king
Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair and fear
Now first he feels: his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head in life's extreme,
Distract his soul; nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various-sounding wire, best taught to calm
Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
Torment the Boain prince? From native soil
Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping consort, and depriv'd the sight
Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
Inglorious shelter in an alien land:
Deplorable! but that his mind averse
To right, and insincere, would violate
His plighted faith. Why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he must contend? encountering fierce
The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moovy troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Paynim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when
Of counsel rash new measures he pursues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a prince) he sees
Too late his error, forc'd to' implore relief

Of him he once defied. O destitute
Of hope, unpitied ; thou shouldst first have thought
Of persevering stedfast ; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.
Lo, how the Noric plains through thy default
Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights.
Best men ! that warr'd still firmly for their prince,
Though faithless ; and unshaken duty show'd,
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
Well-fenc'd and numerous, desolation reigns
And emptiness : dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The widow and the orphan stroll around
The desert wide ; with oft-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls and poor remains
Of mansions once their own, (now loathsome haunts
Of birds obscene) bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or sire, or son, ere manly prime
Slain in sad conflict, and complain of Fate
As partial and too rigorous, nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
The' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.
Thrice happy Albion ! from the world disjoin'd
By Heav'n propitious, blissful seat of peace !
Learn from thy neighbours' miseries to prize
Thy welfare. Crown'd with Nature's choicest gifts,
Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear
And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
The' Iberian sceptre undecided, here
Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife :
From different climes the flower of youth descends
Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd

With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic or Austrian: havoc dire ensues
And wild uproar: the natives, dubious whom
They must obey, in consternation wait,
Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
On the mild Latian shore. What sighs and tears
Hath Eugene cans'd! how many widows curse
His cleaving falchion! fertile soil in vain,
What do thy pastures or thy vines avail,
Best boon of Heav'n! or huge Taburnus, cloth'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters with their harvest immature?
See with what outrage from the frosty North
The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while Volga's stream
Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
Her borderers! on mutual slaughter bent
They rend their countries. How is Poland vex'd
With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for sway? Unhappy nation! left
Thus free of choice. The English undisturb'd
With such sad privilege, submiss obey
Whom Heav'n ordains-supreme; with reverence due,
Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure.
From sceptred kings in long descent deriv'd,
Thou Anna rulest! prudent to promote
Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
Of Europe's good. To thee, of kingly rights
Sole arbitress, declining thrones and powers
Sue for relief. Thou bidst thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd: he goes
Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils
In one great day. Again, thou giv'st in charge

To Rooke, that he should let that monarch know
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine ; behold ! with winged speed he rides
Undaunted o'er the labouring main to assert
Thy liquid kingdoms ; at his near approach
The Gallic navies, impotent to bear
His vollied thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud ;
And bless the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty Queen ! reserv'd by fate to grace
The new-born age. What hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune submits his trident ; and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to the utmost bound
Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fix'd,
Mountain sublime ! that casts a shade of length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves !
Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
In invade their neighbours' lands ; neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths ; this thy peculiar praise
Be still, to study right and quell the force
Of kings perfidious : let them learn from thee
That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with success be crown'd where justice fails.
Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself
Subduest regions ; generous to raise
The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
The great advantage ; nought to thee redounds
But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious Queen ! since in thy realms secure
Of peace thou reign'st, and victory attends
Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view
Europe embroil'd : still thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms' ire,
Reciprocally ruinous : say who

Shall wield the' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
 By thy decree? The trembling lands shall hear
 Thy voice obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
 Their stubborn necks, and Churchill in his wrath
 Make them remember Blenheim with regret.

Thus shall the nations aw'd to peace extol
 Thy power and justice : jealousies and fears,
 And hate infernal, banish'd, shall retire
 To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coasts,
 Or Tartary, engendering discords fell
 Amongst the enemies of truth, while arts
 Pacific and inviolable love
 Flourish in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
 Returning! in perpetual tenor run
 Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
 On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days
 By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
 And, mildly on her shining, bless the world!

Thus from the noisy crowd exempt, with ease
 And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,
 (Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds provoke
 The silent Muse, delicious rural seat
 Of Saint John⁴, English Memmius, I presum'd
 To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
 Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
 (So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
 His military charge, no leisure finds
 To string his charming shell; but when, return'd,
 Consummate Peace shall rear her cheerful head,
 Then shall his Churchill in sublimer verse
 For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
 From such a chief to fight, and bard to sing.

⁴ Viscount Bolingbroke; then Secretary of War.

CIDER.

IN TWO BOOKS.

— Honos erit huic quoque Pomo ?

VIRG.



CIDER.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

SUBJECT proposed.—Address to the natives of Herefordshire.—Dedication to Mr. Mostyn.—Situation for an orchard.—Soil.—Places famous for their Cider.—King Ethelbert murdered by Offa, at Sutton Walls.—Account of Marcleys Hill being moved.—A soil not rich enough for apples will suit pears.—Very poor land will serve to support sheep and geese.—Goats browse on the steepest mountains of Wales.—Dangerous practice of gathering samphire from rocks that hang over the sea.—The most barren land may be improved, so as to be made capable of some produce.—In very hot summers, treches should be dug round apple-trees, and filled with water; a long continuance of hot weather being unfavourable to the fruit.—The unhealthiness of hot seasons.—Extreme heat of the summer in the year 1705.—Death of Miss Wluchcomb.—Heat, a cause of earthquakes.—Destruction of Ariconium.—Some different sorts of trees and plants will flourish well, when planted near together; but others will not.—What sorts of trees may be planted near the apple-tree, without injuring it: and what are noxious to it.—Grafting.—Different stocks proper for different sorts of fruit.—In the plantation of orchards, ornament as well as profit may be attended to; and the different kinds of apple-trees may be intermixed with taste, so as to produce a pleasing effect.—Virgil has finely diversified his Georgics by introducing several beautiful digressions and descriptions.—Grafting, budding, pruning; to be learned by experiance.—Many discoveries, the result of experiance.—The barometer.—Tobacco first discovered.—Beneficial effects and pleasure of smoking tobacco.—

The microscope.—Kernels of apples dissected and viewed in the microscope.—Industry recommended.—Pruning of apple-trees.—Trees, when too much loaded with fruit, should have their crops thinned.—Birds should be frightened from fruit-tress, pigs kept out of orchards, and wasps and snails destroyed.—No care is sufficient to secure fruit from grubs.—Ludicrous description of a person tasting a fair-looking, grub-eaten apple.—The garden of Alcluons.—Different sorts of apples.—Pears.—The musk apple.—The red-streak apple, cultivated and improved by the first Lord Scudamore.—Compliment to his great-grandson.—Excellence of red-streak Cider.—The Poet, inspired by it, sings its praises, and those of its native country.—General fertility of Herefordshire.—Its hops, prospects, iron, saffron, wool.—Its natives famous for valour; distinguished at the battles of Cressy and Agincourt;—particularly the ancestor of the noble family of Chandos.—Compliment to Lord Chandos, and his son: to Lord Salisbury: and to Aldrich, Dean of Christchurch.—University of Oxford.—Sir Thomas Hanmer.—Mr. Bromley.—Mew, Bishop of Winchester.—Duke of Beaufort.—Lord Weymouth.—Harley, Secretary of State.—Beauty of Herefordshire females.—Love.—Friendship.—Trevor, Chief Justice.—Panegyric on slincerly;—on virtue in general.—Amiability of Virgil's character.—Homer, Spenser, Milton;—censured for his politics, but extolled for his poetry, of which the Author professes himself an humble imitator.

WHAT soil the Apple loves, what care is due
To Orchats, timeliest when to press the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona! in Miltonian verse
Adventrous I presume to sing, of verse
Nor shrill'd nor studious; but my native soil
Invites me, and the theme, as yet unsung.

Ye Ariconian Knights and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these blessings grants,
Attend my lays! nor hence disdain to learn
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.

And thou, O Mestyn ! whose benevolence
And candour, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
To knit in friendship growing still with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love:
May it a lasting monument remain
Of dear respect, that when this body frail
Is moulder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know—
I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend.

Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a track
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds ; but to the west
Let him free entrance grant ; let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs :
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds, whose breath
Nurtures the orange and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds,
But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling
show'rs
Distil from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling ; with the fertile moisture cheer'd
The Orchats smile ; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.

Next, let the planter with discretion meet
The force and genius of each soil explore,

To what adapted, what it shuns averse :
Without this necessary care in vain
He hopes an Apple vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mould, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce, pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed ; so oft we see
Men passing fair in outward lineaments,
Elaborate less inwardly exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune ;
The must of pallid hue declares the soil
Devoid of spirit : wretched he that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors ! oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs, distress he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse the' unwholesome
draught.
But, farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth ; that soil select
For Apples ; thence, thy industry shall gain
Tenfold reward ; thy garners thence with store
Surcharg'd shall burst ; thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which in revolving years may try
Thy feeble feet and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome ! and Capel such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marsh,
And Sutton acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to the' unhallow'd feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came
To treat of spousals : long connubial joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair

Elfrida's beauty, but deluded died
In height of hopes.—Oh hardest fate, to fall
By show of friendship and pretended love!

I nor advise nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcley-hill; the Apple no where finds
A kinder mould: yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground: who knows but that once more
This mount may journey, and his present site
Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law debates¹? if therefore thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows to' implore success; . . .
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wandering glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld,
If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'erabounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit and restive marl.

¹ February the 7th, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cots, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnaston chapel, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Herefordshire, and Camden's Britannia.

Thus nought is useless made ; nor is there land
But what or of itself or else compell'd
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf
Sufficient ; after them the cackling goose,
Close grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more ? Ev'n on the clifly height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse
Gnaw pendent ; nor untrembling canst thou see
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish guest
Of pamper'd luxury. Then let thy ground
Not lie unlabour'd ; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove ?

There are who fondly studious of increase
Rich foreign mould on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Besmear the roots in vain. The nursling grove
Seems fair a-while, cherish'd with foster earth,
But when the alien compost is exhaust,
Its native poverty again prevails.

Though this art fails despond not ; little pains
In a due hour employ'd great profit yield.
The industrious, when the sun in Leo rides
And darts his sultriest beams portending drought,
Forget not at the foot of every plant

To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimental streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting ; else false hopes
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
The' autumnal season, but in summer's pride,
When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of Heav'n, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire ; sweltering they run
To grots and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable : but if the spring
Preceding should be destitute of rain,
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
Sweep up the smoky mists and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals ! Titan then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys ;
Then maladies of various kinds and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near ; grim Death in different shapes
Depopulates the nations ; thousands fall
His victims ; youths and virgins in their flower
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious Heaven destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb's name, (next thee in blood and
worth,
O fairest St. John !) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year :
Nor could her virtues nor repeated vows

Of thousand lovers the relentless hand
Of Death arrest ; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please the sun's intemperate force
To know, atten'd ; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind
How our forefathers, (luckless men !) ingulf'd
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aërial spires and citadels, the seat
Of kings and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium ! uncontroll'd and free
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submiss,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic or Etruscan hands
Arose, had not the heavenly powers averse
Decreed her final doom ; for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst, Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb ; hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture ; hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud dislodged roar
Of brazen enginery, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable : the' infernal winds till now

Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells, and their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream
Forc'd by the sudden shock her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks: and now the lowering sky
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distrest? whence seek for aid, when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation? Vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands, to Heav'n erect:
Yet some to fane repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the streets; their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and too eager of escape
Obstruct the easy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps; to and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm, profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks and all her tribes,
Heroes and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile the loosen'd winds

Infuriate molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds, till all their force
Consum'd her ravenous jaws the' earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site save coins and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldly bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race, which as he breaks
The clotted glebe the ploughman haply finds
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous track of land
She whilom stood; now Ceres in her prime
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd
The Apple-tree by our forefathers' blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone
But all the wide creation Nature gave
Love and aversion.) Everlasting hate
The vine to ivy bears, nor less abhors
The colewort's rankness, but with amorous twine
Clasps the tall elm. The Paestan rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely near the fetid leek,
(Crest of stout Britons) and enhances thence
The price of her celestial scent. The gourd
And thirsty cucumber when they perceive
The' approaching olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact, whilst the fig
Contemns not rue nor sage's humble leaf
Close neighbouring. The' Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous peach,
Hazel and weight-resisting palm, and likes

To' approach the quince, and the' elder's pithy stem,
Uneasy seated by funereal yew
Or walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits) or near the bitter dews
Of cherries: therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.

Wouldst thou thy vats with generous juice should
froth?

Respect thy Orchats: think not that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A scion meetly sever; after, force
A way into the crabstock's closewrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Enclose the foster twig: nor overnice
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay: ere long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil: now he shoots his arms
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming
trunk,

Down rain the' impurled balls, ambrosial fruit!
Whether the wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw the' earth's purest spirit, and resist
Its feculence, which in more porous stocks
Of Cider-plants finds passage free, or else
The native verjuice of the crab, deriv'd
Through the' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause
This doubtful progeny, by nicest tastes
Expected, best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the Orchat lord.

Some think the quince and Apple would combine
 In happy union; others fitter deem
 The sloe-stem, bearing silvan plums austere.
 Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what loss
 To try the powers of both, and search how far
 Two different natures may concur to mix
 In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?
 Thou'l find that plants will frequent changes try
 Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
 Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
 Admit the peach's odoriferous globe,
 And pears of sundry forms: at different times
 Adopted plums will alien branches grace,
 And men have gather'd from the hawthorn's branch
 Large medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
 With files of party-colour'd fruits, that please
 The tongue and view at once. So Maro's Muse,
 Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
 Instructive to the swains not wholly bent
 On what is gainful. Sometimes she diverts
 From solid counsels, shows the force of love
 In savage beasts, how virgin face divine
 Attracts the hapless youth through storms and
 waves,
 Alone in deep of night; then she describes
 The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
 How under ground the rude Riphæan race
 Mimic brisk Cider with the brake's product wild,
 Sloes pounded, hips, and servis' harshest juice.
 Let sage Experience teach thee all the arts
 Of grafting and ineyeing, when to lop
 The flowing branches, what trees answer best

From root or kernel : she will best the hours
Of harvest and seed-time declare : by her
The different qualities of things were found
And secret motions, how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air. To her we owe
The Indian weed ² unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts ;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates ; companion fit
Of pleasantry and wine ; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else ; of Nature's hand
Least animal, and shows what laws of life
The cheese inhabitants observe, and how
Fabric their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists ! But the hidden ways
Of Nature wouldst thou know, how first she frames
All things in miniature ? thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels : lo !
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs : observe the slender threads
Of first-beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd, thou'l't wondering say
An inmate Orchid every Apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think

* Tobacco.

To meliorate thy stock ; no way nor rule
Be unassay'd ; prevent the morning-star
Assiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work. Lo ! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the livelong day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor at shut of eve
Enjoy repose, but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right, and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself, and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd ?

Twill profit when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns to show compassion to thy plants
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well-sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever ; for the genial moisture due
To Apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for the' expected crop
Nought but vain shoots and empty leaves abound.

When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings if they grow
Redundant, but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion, else the starveling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn, which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the pondrous boughs.

It much conduces all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,

And how the little race of birds, that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little ; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air ; their fancy represents
His mortal talons and his ravenous beak
Destructive ; glad to shun his hostile gripe
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm enclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine : forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff : bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracks
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cider drink.
No art averts this pest ; on thee it lies
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles ; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food ; though oft repuls'd again
They rally undismay'd : but fraud, with ease
Ensnares the noisome swarms : let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of moyle or mum, or treacle's viscous juice ;
They by the' alluring odour drawn, in haste

Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
Their palatable bane. Joyful thou'l see
The clammy surface all o'erstrown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls. Such doom
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain!

Howe'er thou may'st forbid eternal force,
Intestine evils will prevail. Damp airs
And rainy winters to the centre pierce
Of firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
The proper relish vitiate: then the grub,
Oft unobserv'd, invades the vital core;
Pernicious tenant! and her secret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless; meanwhile the Apple's outward form
Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
Till with a writhen mouth and spattering noise
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelish; not with less surprise than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
Through flow'ry meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface, whilst the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and dismember'd they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phaeacian isle, from whence,
Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd,
The pippin, burnish'd o'er with gold; the moyle,
Of sweetest honey'd taste; the fair pearmain,

Temper'd like comeliest nymph with red and white,
Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styl'd the Ottley. Be thou first
This Apple to transplant: if to the name
Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A wine more priz'd or laudable of taste.
Nor does the eliot least deserve thy care,
Nor John-apple, whose wither'd rind entrencht
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepit age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-relishing. Why should we sing the thrift,
Codling, or pomeroy, or of pimpled coat
The russet, or the cat's-head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various use
Though these are meet, though after full repast
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich dessert?

What though the pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products; yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog,
Adverse to life. 'The wintry hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage;
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large iucrease
Annual in sumptuous banquets claims applause;
Thrice acceptable beverage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
Be it thy choice when summer heats annoy
To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids; oh how sweet to' enjoy
At once her fruits and hospitable shade!

But how with equal numbers shall we match
The musk's surpassing worth, that earliest gives

Sure hopes of racy wine ; and in its youth,
 Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
 With large and juicy offspring, that defies
 The vernal nippings and cold syd'ral blasts ?
 Yet let her to the redstreak yield, that once
 Was of the silvan kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
 Taught her the savage nature to forget,
 Hence styl'd The Scudamorian-Plant ; whose wine
 Whoever tastes let him with grateful heart
 Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
 The noble peer, that now transcends our hopes
 In early worth, his country's justest pride,
 Uninterrupted joy and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
 The redstreak as supreme, whose pulpos fruit,
 With gold irradiate and vermillion, shines
 Tempting, not fatal ; as the birth of that
 Primeval interdicted plant, that won
 Fond Eve, in hapless hour, to taste and die.
 This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
 Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
 Kindles to loftier strains ; ev'n I perceive
 Her sacred virtue. See ! the numbers flow
 Easy, whilst cheer'd with her nectareous juice
 Her's and my country's praises I exalt.
 Hail Herefordian Plant ! that dost disdain
 All other fields : Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail !
 Be thou the copious matter of my song,
 And thy choice nectar, on which always waits
 Laughter and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
 And friendship, chief delight of human life.
 What should we wish for more ? or why in quest

Of foreign vintage, insincere and mixt,
Traverse the' extremest world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean, when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic or Latin grapes, or those that see
The setting sun near Calpe's towering height?
Nor let the Rhodian nor the Lesbian vines
Vant their rich must, nor let tokay contend
For sovereignty: Phanæus' self must bow
To the' Ariconian vales. And shall we doubt
To improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The soil lie idle, which with fit manure
Will largest usury repay, alone
Empower'd to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with battening ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grass; thre cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots; the' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life:
Lo! on auxiliary poles the hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array:
Lo! how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect. These, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here to the sight
Apples of price and plenteous sheaves of corn
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moister o'erabound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To Heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet

To human ken ; nor at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verdurous pasture ; nor the yellow fields
Gaily interchang'd, with rich variety
Pleasing ; as when an emerald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next, add the silvan shades and silent groves,
(Haunt of the druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel, whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, the' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sovereign sway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Calybes or Bilboa boast
Their harden'd iron, when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore ? Can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours ? or the fleece
Bætic or finest Tarentine compare
With Lemster's silken wool ? Where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life ? In ancient days
The Roman legions and great Cæsar found
Our fathers no mean foes, and Cressy plains
And Agincourt, deep ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures' vigour unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight ; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd knight,
Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
High Chandos ! that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
To' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer !
That blest with hoary vigour view'st thyself

Fresh blooming in thy generous son, whose lips
 Flowing with nervous eloquence exact
 Charm the wise senate, and attention win
 In deepest councils. Ariconium pleas'd,
 Him as her chosen worthy first salutes ;
 Him on the' Iberian, on the Gallic shore
 Him hardy Britons bless'd ; his faithful hand
 Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
 The general's conduct than his care avails.

Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line
 This country claims ; with pride and joy to thee
 Thy Alterennis calls ; yet she endures
 Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
 Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat ²
 Where Aldrich ³ reigns, and from his endless store
 Of universal knowledge, still supplies
 His noble care : he, generous thoughts instils
 Of true nobility, their country's love,
 (Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
 To human virtues : by his genius led
 Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
 Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail highborn peer ! and thou great nurse of arts
 And men from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
 Hannier and Bromley ! thou to whom with due
 Respect, Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
 Thy mitred offspring ; be for ever blest
 With like examples, and to future times
 Proficuous, such a race of men produce
 As in the cause of virtue firm may fix
 Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye gods ! this vow

² Oxford.

³ Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ church.

From one the meanest in her numerous train ;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse ! raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
To Beaufort ! in a long descent deriv'd
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters : in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince !
O thou of ancient faith ! exulting, thee
In her fair list this happy land enrols.

Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests, whose board with plenty crown'd
Revives the feast-rites old ; meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord !
To blazon what though hid will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? How large
His mind, that comprehends whate'er was known
To old or present time! yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill. What praise deserves
His liberal hand that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit? O, not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence that first deign'd to hear

Thy pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious
tongue;

Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on every bark ; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace and war. Of softer mould
The female sex with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchless forms with transient
glance,

Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes. Nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace ; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride or artifice, long joys afford
To the' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life rebate the miseries of age.

And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heaven ? he ill deserves
Or love or pity ; friendless let him see
Uneasy tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race ; but may the man,
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour ! O ye gods ! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling, in whose heavenly eye
Sits purest Love enthron'd ; but if the stars,
Malignant, these my better hopes oppose,
May I at least the sacred pleasures know

Of strictest amity, nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech and offices! may in my mind
Indelible, a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid, most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild impartial reason, what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence,
Freely vouchsaf'd when to the gates of Death
I tended prone? If thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbodied shades
I now had wander'd, and these empty thoughts
Of Apples perish'd; but uprais'd by thee
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous: but nor night nor day suffice
For that great task; the highly-honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false-dissembling look,
And servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws,
For pageantry and tawdry gewgaws: some
Renounce their sires, oppose paternal right.
For rule and power, and others' realms invade
With specious shows of love: this traitorous wretch
Betrays his sovereign. Others destitute
Of real zeal, to every altar bend,
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be stil'd Honourable. The honest man,

Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth: rather from door to door
A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith: nor fear nor hope
Will shock his stedfast soul: rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpitied; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinne with observant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestments labour'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd and set them all agape,
Yet clad in homely weeds from Envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conscience, nor of spectres' grisly forms,
Demons and injur'd souls, at close of day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds;
But (as a child whose inexperienc'd age
Nor evil purpose fears nor knows) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
When chanticleer with clarion shrill recals
The tardy day he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that the' embowell'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race; or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep,
Of good, and just, and meet, and the' wholesome rules
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame

Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
 'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate :
 Studious of virtue, he no life observes
 Except his own ; his own employs his cares,
 Large subject ; that he labours to refine
 Daily, nor of his little stock denies
 Fit alms to lazars, merciful and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv'd, from courtly vice
 And baits of pompous Rome secure, at court
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
 And how to improve his grounds, and how himself :
 Best poet ! fit exemplar for the tribe
 Of Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
 Poor eyeless pilgrim ! and if after these,
 If after these another I may name,
 Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
 Content, deprest by penury and pine
 In foreign realm, yet not debas'd his verse
 By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard ⁵,
 Oh ! had but he, that first ennobled song
 With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been,
 'Mong many faithless strictly faithful found,
 Unpitied he should not have wail'd his orbs,
 That roll'd in vain, to find the piercing ray,
 And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd :
 But he—However let the Muse abstain,
 Nor blast his fame from whom she learnt to sing
 In much inferior strains, groveling beneath
 The Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent,
 Mean follower ! There let her rest a while,
 Pleas'd with the fragrant walks and cool retreat.

⁵ Milton.

CIDER.

BOOK II.

CIDER.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

DEDICATION to Mr. Harcourt.—Subject resumed.—Bad effects of blights, when the fruit is forming.—Autumn, the season of gathering apples.—Cider-mill, and press, described.—Cider-washings.—Possibility of preserving and ripening wind-fall apples.—Caution against endeavouring to improve Cider, by mixing any thing with the pure juice of the apple; and against boiling it.—Tithe of apples to be paid.—Signs of fair weather, and of fertile seasons.—Each season produces its appropriate fruits.—Wine, made of different sorts of fruits.—Mead.—Birch and cowslip wines.—Usquebaugh drank in Ireland; Mum and Geneva in Holland.—A drink made of Juniper berries, drank by the Northern Nations.—Persons in hot countries obliged to drink frequently.—Cider should be kept two years in cask before it is bottled; may be made of various sorts of apples, ground and pressed together; often resembles different kinds of wine so exactly, as to be mistaken by foreigners for the genuine wine, that is the particular growth of their own country; should not be racked until it is quite fine; should be bottled in the Spring.—Glass; how made, and bottles blown.—Different sorts of Cider require to be kept a different length of time in bottle, before they are fit for drinking.—Potency of Stire-Cider.—The Farmer's-feast.—Praise of Bacchus, Christmas gambols, and the rustic-ball.—Temperance recommended.—Fatal consequences of intemperance.—Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ.—Civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament.—Panegyric on King Charles and on Queen Anne.—England happy

in a monarchic Government.—The contentions of the Heptarchy, and wars under our first kings, contrasted with the peaceable and happy reign of Edgar.—The achievements of Richard Cœn de Leon in the Crusades.—Victories of Edward III. in France.—Miseries of the civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster.—These houses united in the person of Henry VII.—The crowns of England and Scotland united in James I.—Act of Union between the two kingdoms.—The power and importance it gives to Britain.

O HARCOURT! whom the ingenuous love of arts
Has carried from thy native soil beyond
The eternal alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the relics of old Rome, or what
Unrival'd authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers,
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth! return,
Of wit and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latin knowledge grace;
Return and let thy father's worth excite
Thirst of pre-eminence. See how the cause
Of widows and of orphans he asserts
With winning rhetoric and well-argu'd law!
Mark well his footsteps, and like him deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Meanwhile, although the Massic grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous Cider. Far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse
That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.

Thus far of Trees; the pleasing task remains
To sing of Wines and autumn's blest increase.
The effects of art are shown, yet what avails
'Gainst Heav'n? oft notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime! the deadly plague annoys
The wide enclosure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed: if thy former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy drouthy throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert or check: uncertain all his toil,
Till lusty Autumn's lukewarm days, allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours. Autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and sky-dyed plums, and what in coat
Rough, or soft rind, or bearded husk or shell,
Fat olives, and pistachio's fragrant nut,
And the pine's tasteful apple: autumn paints

Ausonian hills with grapes, whilst English plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now when the kind early dew
Unlocks the' embosom'd odours walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-ag'd stores
Diffuse ambrosial steams, than myrrh or nard
More grateful, or perfuming flowery bean!
Soft whispering airs and the lark's matin song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind,
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy
Best portion of the various year, in which [time,
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! But ah!
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours! inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year: trees of their shrivell'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail!
Now, now the time, ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny: the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor; now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the' expected grinder; now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive, and a flexible fallow entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hoard.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,
Long ere the vintage, but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain shouldst seek a strainer, to dispart
The husky terrene dregs from purer must.

Be cautious next a proper steed to find
Whose prime is past ; the vigorous horse despairs
Such servile labours ; or, if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements and victorious palms :
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work and years,
Shall roll the unwieldy stone ; with sober pace
He'll tread the circling path, till dewy eve
From early dayspring, pleas'd to find his age,
Declining, not unuseful to his lord.

Some when the press by utmost vigour screw'd
Has drain'd the pulpos mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse ; thou, more wise, shalt steep
Thy husks in water, and again employ
The pondrous engine. Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour ; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes, [now
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou
Reject the Apple-cheese, though quite exhaust ;
Ev'n now 'twill cherish and improve the roots
Of sickly plants ; new vigour hence convey'd,
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth :
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd !

The tender Apples from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie
The prey of worms. A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which subdued
By endless culture, with sufficient must
His casks replenish'd yearly : he no more
Desir'd nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests ; successful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd

Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cider grove: o'erturn'd by furious blasts
The slightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stripp'd immature: yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars! but prudent, his fall'n heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grass and the sun's mellowing beams,
Rivall'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time
Equall'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With watry turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brass, steaming with fire intense,
Although Devonia much commends the use
Of strengthening Vulcan: with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient other aid refuse,
And when the allotted orb of time's complete,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness; that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty. This neglected, fear
Signal vengeance; such as overtook
A miser, that unjustly once withheld
The clergy's due: relying on himself,
His fields he tended with successless care
Early and late, when or unwish'd-for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes, or when around
The clouds dropp'd fatness, in the middle sky

The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe. Recording this,
Be just and wise ; and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd
Thou wisely may'st provide. The various moon
Prophetic and attendant stars explain
Each rising dawn ; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unsullied : now, the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and
glades

Offensive to the birds: sulphureous death
Checks their midflight, and heedless while they strain
Their tuneful throats the towering heavy lead
O'ertakes their speed: they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.

The woodcock's early visit and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harvest. He, of times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters: when our suns
Cleave the chill'd soit, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows: O may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutritions ! secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind: the Orchat loves to wave
With winter wind, before the gems exert

Their feeble heads : the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their powerful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent, to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slake
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the corinths, now the rasps, supply
Delicious draughts ; the quinces now, or plums
Or cherries, or the fair Thisbein fruit,
Are press'd to wines : the Britons squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees ; and, mixing odorous herbs,
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd ancient sires.

But if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks wouldest brew,
Besides the Orchat every hedge and bush
Affords assistance ; ev'n afflictive birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures ; gladly they
Will mow the cowslip posies faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste ; that, in mid fervours, best
Slake craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy Ierne¹ ! whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids

¹ Ireland.

The baleful toad and viper from her shore :
More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd) which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.

See how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fattening mum, or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent rising fumes! by use
Instructed thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora and islandic coasts,
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic track spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines? and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.

Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor who Taprobane manure, nor they
Whom sunny Barneo bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, rum and rice's spirit extract :
For here expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades and Thrascia's gales,
Pining with equinoctial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep

Quick circuiting : nor dare they close their eyes,
 Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
 With which in often interrupted sleep
 Their frying blood compels to irrigate
 Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
 Obnoxious, dismal death ! the' effect of drought.

More happy they born in Columbus' world,
 Carybbes, and they whom the cotton plant
 With downy-sprouting vests arrays : their woods
 Bow with prodigious nuts that give at once
 Celestial food and nectar ; then at hand
 The lemon uncorrupt with voyage long,
 To vinous spirits added, (heavenly drink !)
 They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
 Intent on laughter : a continual tide
 Flows from the' exhilarating fount. As when
 Against a secret cliff with sudden shock
 A ship is dash'd, and, leaking, drinks the sea ;
 The' astonish'd mariners aye ply the pump,
 Nor stay nor rest till the wide breach is clos'd ;
 So they (but cheerful) unfatigued still move
 The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
 When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
 Are frustrate, shouldst thou think thy pipes will flow
 With early limpid wine. The hoarded store
 And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
 Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
 From different mixtures, woodcock, pippin, moyle,
 Rongh eliot, sweet pearmain : the blended streams
 (Each mutually correcting each) create
 A pleasurable medley, of what taste
 Hardly distinguish'd ; as the showery arch

With listed colours gay, or, azure, gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watry braid with thousand shows
Of painture varied, yet is unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises or one faints.

Some Ciders have by art or age unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry wines
Assum'd the flavour: one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product; this, to Gauls has seem'd
The sparkling nectar of Champaign; with that
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous riuumer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his Cider cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-prest husks is freed, thou most refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick unwholesome undigested cates;
The hoary frosts and northern blasts take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive,
Precipitant, the baser ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthy gross; yet, let it feed a while.
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd
From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; self-taught and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward track convey'd
Spouts into subject vessels lovely clear;
As when a noontide sun with summer beams
Darts through a cloud, her watry skirts are edg'd

With lucid amber or undrossy gold ;
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now also when the colds abate nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streasis, and let them gain
From due confinement spirit and flavour new.

For this intent the subtle chemist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
O'er sand and ashes and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red ;
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient : by his means
Ciders in metal trail improve ; the moyle
And tasteful pippin in a moon's short year
Acquire complete perfection : now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harsher fluids different lengths of time
Expect : thy flask will slowly mitigate
The eliot roughness : stironi, firmest fruit,
Enbottled long as Prianieian Troy
Withstood the Greeks, endures, ere justly mild :
Softend by age it youthful vigour gains,
Fallacious drink ! Ye honest men ! beware,
Nor trust its smoothness ; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue : but may hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak
Drink on unwarn'd, till by enchanting cups

Infatuate they their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemperance grow a while sincere!

The farmer's toil is done ; his cades mature
Now call for vent ; his lands exhaust permit
To' indnlge a while. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends at thirsty hour of dusk
Come uninvited ; he, with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry ; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jest resounds.
Ease and content, and undissembled love,
Shine in each face ; the thoughts of labour past
Increase their joy : as from retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains ; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night,
Season of rest ; but well-bedew'd repair
Each to his home with unsupplanted feet :
Ere Heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn
Domestic cares awake them ; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine ;
His joys are short and few ; yet when he drinks
His dread retires ; the flowing glasses add
Courage and mirth ; magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,

And in the jail expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
Debar'd his grape. The Muses still require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus with unmoisten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirst allur'd. With vehement suns
When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods
How pleasant is't beneath the twisted arch
Of a retreating bower in mid-day's reign,
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
Secur'd of feverish heats ! When the' aged year
Inclines and Boreas' spirit blusters frore
Beware the' inclement heavens; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood
Now instigate with the' Apple's powerful streams.
Perpetual showers and stormy guests confine
The willing ploughman, and December warms
To annual jollities; now sportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
Mix'd with the buxom damsels; hand in hand
They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses; they with scorn
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss:
Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touche
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels; these among
A subtle artist stands; in wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort

Than those which erst Laertes' son enclos'd)
Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
Midst these disports forget they not to drench
Theinselves with bellying goblets; nor when spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts; now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest. When the Gnossian Crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon Natnre, that thus annnally supplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd; beyond there's nought
Of health or pleasure: therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
"Tis time to shun it: if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon; nought is heard
But din, and various clamour, and mad rant:
Distrust and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence; the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter; round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd
cheeks

Mixt gore and Cider flow. What shall we say
Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dried an immeasurable bowl, and thought
To exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent? him death's iron sleep opprest,
Descending careless from his couch; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine, nor all the kinds
Of maladies that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill, even when the sun with July-heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropsy, all afloat,
Yet craving liquids; nor the Centaurs' tale
Be here repeated, how with lust and wine
Inflam'd they fought, and spilt their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The British Isles! such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups. May we, remote
From the hoarse brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth and hospitable love!
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood; too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others' rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot how fell destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by Eris' toreh incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes signaliz'd
For loyalty and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,

Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race !
Can we forget how the mad headstrong rout
Defied their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn ?
Apostate, atheist rebels ! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him who first presum'd to' oppose
Omnipotence : alike their crime ; the' event
Was not alike : these triumph'd ; and in height
Of barbarous malice and insulting pride
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd ! O Charles ! O best of kings !
What stars their black disastrons influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou shouldst fall
Thus by inglorious hands, in this thy realm
Supreme and innocent ; adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only would have sav'd !
Yet was the Cider land unstain'd with guilt ;
The Cider land, obsequious still to thrones,
Abhor'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted to assert the trampled rights
Of Monarchy ; but ah ! successless she
However faithful : then was no regard
Of right or wrong ; and this once happy land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd Kings and Liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings. Here nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd ; here, her victorious arms

Quell the ambitious: from her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world
By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without, in one supreme
Entirely blest, and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy: but the fond desire
Of rule and grandeur multiplied a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal: for now
Each potentate as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault: on every plain
Host cop'd with host; dire was the din of war
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havoc and dismay, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds and conflict stern,
Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year-night the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers;
Pacific monarch! then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love. At ease the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales
In uncouth rhythms to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye, the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise heroic kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.
See lion-hearted Richard, with his force

Drawn from the north to Jewry's hallow'd plains
Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuons, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter found his vigorous arm,
But the' unbelieveing squadrons, turn'd to flight,
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan as he fled
Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold Third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight
Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate king;
Twice he arose and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time with his wide-extended wings
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited: pursued, in the sad chase
Ten thousands ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.
Thrice glorious Prince! whom Fame with all her
tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins

New authors of dissension spring: from him
Two branches that in hosting long contend
For sovereign sway: (and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds?) But little now avail'd
The ties of friendship: every man, as led
By inclination or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate
And dire revenge. Now horrid slaughter reigns;
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty; and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood: the twanging bows
Send showers of shafts that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons and peasants on the embattled field
Slain or half-dead, in one huge ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock lie gasping and expire,
Trampled by fiery coursers. Horror thus
And wild uproar and desolation reign'd,
Unrespected. Ah! who at length will end
This long pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy Prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry! that by nuptial rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive discord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
Affrights the wives or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! With presaging skill

Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
By wise alliance. From thee James descends,
Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannic king :
To him alone hereditary right
Gave power supreme : yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent ; two nations under one,
In laws and interest diverse, still pursued
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction : neither fear nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said—
‘ Let there be Union ;’ straight with reverence due
To her command they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws, and government,
Indissolubly firm ; from Dubris south
To northern Orcades her long domain.

And now thus leagued by an eternal bond
What shall retard the Britons' bold designs,
Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and the' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontroll'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double Cross, to' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby well-fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl and barbaric gold : meanwhile the swains
Shall unmolested reap what Plenty strows
From well-stor'd horn, rich grain and timely fruits.
The elder year Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store

Abundant flowing in well-blended streams
The natives shall applaud ; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms. Where'er the British spread
'Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian Cider borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

ODE

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

O qui recisæ finibus Indieis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et sauveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatum, prolnis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiumque, soles :

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, desidésque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vina præbente, vates
Explicuit venusinus alas :

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas
Et vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
 Affluxit illi ; sæpe licet cadum
 Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
 Munera, lætitiamque testæ.

Patronas illi non fuit artium
 Celebriorum ; sed nec amantior
 Nec charus æquè. O ! quæ medullas
 Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus !

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
 Gratus recordor, mercurialium
 Princeps virorum ! et ipse Musæ
 Cultor, et usque colende Musis !

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
 Receptus ægrè spiritus, ilia
 Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
 Tussis agens sine more pectus.

Altè petito quassat anhelitu ;
 Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum.
 Distillet in venas, tuæque
 Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

Hanc sumo, parcis et tibi poculis
 Libo salutem ; quin precor, optima
 Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
 Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te consulentem militiæ super
 Rebus togatum. Macte ! tori decus,
 Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
 Crine placens, niveoque collo !

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
 O ! O ! labellis cui Venus insidet ¹!
 Tu sorte felix : me Maria
 Macerat (ah miserum !) videndo :

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
 Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
 Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
 Protinus ex animo pueras.

Hanc, ulla mentis spe mihi mutuæ
 Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
 Suspiro ; nec jam vina somnos
 Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

¹ There seems to be an error in all the printed copies.
 The author probably wrote

Quam Gratiarum cura decentum
 Ornat ; labellis cui Venus insidet !

ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ. 1706¹.

O THOU, from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb ² prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life and every anxious care,
While from the fragrant lighted bole
I suck new life into my soul;

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I sustain,
Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
And wash away the thirsty pain
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
From Latian suns and nearer skies:

O! say, to bless thy pious love
What vows, what offerings shall I bring?
Since I can spare, and thou approve,
No other gift, O hear me sing!
In numbers Phœbus does inspire,
Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

¹ This piece was translated by the Rev. Thomas Newcome,
M. A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.

² Tobacco.

Aloft above the liquid sky
 I stretch my wing, and fain would go
 Where Rome's sweet swan did whilom fly,
 And soaring left the clouds below,
 The Muse invoking to endue
 With strength his pinions as he flew.

Whether he sings great Beauty's praise,
 Love's gentle pain, or tender woes,
 Or choose the subject of his lays,
 The blushing grape, or blooming rose ;
 Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky springs
 Mæcenas listens while he sings :

Yet he, no nobler draught could boast
 His Muse, or music to inspire,
 Though all Falernum's purple coast
 Flow'd in each glass, to lend him fire ;
 And on his tables us'd to smile
 The vintage of rich Chio's isle.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his songs,
 His Muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd ;
 To thee a fairer fame belongs,
 At once more pleasing, more belov'd :
 Oh ! teach my heart to bound its flame
 As I record thy love and fame.

Teach me the passion to restrain,
 As I my grateful homage bring ;
 And, last in Phœbus' humble train,
 The first and brightest genius sing ;
 The Muses' favourite pleas'd to live,
 Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh ! as greatly I aspire
To tell my love, to speak thy praise ;
Boasting no more its sprightly fire,
My bosom heaves, my voice decays ;
With pain I touch the mournful string,
And pant and languish as I sing.

Faint nature now demands that breath,
That feebly strives thy worth to sing ;
And would be hush'd and lost in death,
Did not thy care kind succours bring.
Thy pitying casks my soul sustain,
And call new life in every vein.

The sober glass I now behold,
Thy health with fair Francisca's join,
Wishing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine ;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While she can please, and thou canst love.

Thus while by you the British arms
Triumphs, and distant fame pursue,
The yielding fair resigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too :
Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
And all the nymph, becomes your prize.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles,
Upon her lips what sweetness dwells !
Not Love himself so oft beguiles,
Nor Venus' self so much excels ;
What different fates our passions share
While you enjoy and I despair !

Maria's ³ form as I survey,
Her smiles a thousand wounds impart ;
Each feature steals my soul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart ;
And, chasing thence each other fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breast despair,
And, sighing, hopes no kind return,
Yet for the lov'd relentless fair
By night I wake, by day I burn ;
Nor can thy gifts soft sleep supply,
Or soothe my pains or close my eye.

³ Miss Meers, daughter of the Principal of Brasenose College, Oxon.

CEREALIA¹.

AN IMITATION OF MILTON, 1706.

Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria
Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.

PETRONIUS.

Of English tipple, and the potent grain
Which in the conclave of celestial powers
Bred fell debate, sing, Nymphs of heavenly stem !
Who on the hoary top of Penmaumaur
Merlin the seer didst visit, while he sate
With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
Young actions issuing from the Fates' divan
Full of thy power, infus'd by nappy Ale.
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs
In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope,
Nor ceas'd till the grey dawn with orient dew
Impearl'd his large mustach'es, deep ensconc'd
Beneath his overshadowing orb of hat
And ample fence of elephantine nose ;

¹ This poem was taken from a folio copy printed in 1706, and communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducale, in which the name of Philips was inserted in the hand-writing of Archbishop Tennison. It was published by T. Bennet, the bookseller for whom Bienheim was printed; a strong presumptive proof of this being by the same author.

Scornful of keenest polar winds, or sleet,
 Or hail, sent rattling down from wintry Jove,
 (Vain efforts on his sevenfold mantle made
 Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)
 Such energy of soul to raise the song,
 Deign, Goddess! now to me; nor then withdraw
 Thy sure presidiug power, but guide my wing,
 Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.

Now from the' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flood,
 Tardy with many a corse of Boian knight
 And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed steeds
 Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
 Shearing the' expanse of heaven with active plume;
 Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
 The staunch gerfalcon through the buxom air
 Stoops on the steerage of his wings, to truss
 The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly sprung
 From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
 Runs fast a Naïs through the flowery meads,
 To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.
 Her golden trump the goddess sounded thrice,
 Whose shrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremest
 sphere.

Rous'd at the blast, the gods with winged speed
 To learn the tidings came: on radiant thrones
 With fair memorials and impresses quaint
 Embazon'd o'er they sat, devis'd of old
 By Mulciber, nor small his skill I ween.
 There she relates what Churchill's arm had wrought
 On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
 By his plump cheek and barrel-belly known:
 The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
 Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd;
 And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,

The ensigns of the god. With ardent tone
 He mov'd, that straight the nectar'd bowl should flow,
 Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
 Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
 Till all were sated with immortal must,
 Delicious tipple! that in heavenly veins
 Assimilated, vigorous ichor bred;
 Superior to Frontiniac, or Bourdeaux,
 Or old Falern, Compania's best increase;
 Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
 From Palna or Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee
 Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
 Ceres, not blithe; for marks of latent woe
 Dim on her visage lower'd: such her deport
 When Arethusa from her reedy bed
 Told her how Dis young Proserpine had rap'd,
 To sway his iron sceptre, and command
 In gloom tartareous half his wide domain:
 Then, sighing, thus she said—‘ Have I so long
 Employ'd my various art to' enrich the lap
 Of Earth, all-bearing mother, and my lore
 Communicated to the' unweeting hind,
 And shall not this pre-eminence obtain?’
 Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
 The bearded ears of grain she most admir'd,
 Which gods call Crithe, in terrestrial speech
 Ycleped Barley. ‘ ’Tis to this, (she cried)
 The British cohorts owe their martial fame
 And far-redoubted prowess, matchless youth!
 This, when returning from the foughten field
 Or Noric, or Iberian, seam'd with scars,
 (Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash!)
 The veteran, carousing, soon restores

Puissance to his arm, and strings his nerves.
 And as a snake, when first the rosy Hours
 Shed vernal sweets o'er every vale and mead,
 Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank;
 But when by genial rays of summer sun
 Purg'd of his slough, he nimbler thrids the brake,
 Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
 Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
 Ensanguin'd rays, the distant swains admire
 His various neck and spires bedropt with gold;
 So at each glass the harass'd warrior feels
 Vigour renate; his horrent arms he takes
 And rusting falchion, on whose ample hilt
 Long Victory sat dormant: soon she shakes
 Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war,
 With speed succinct; where soon his martial port
 She recognises, whilst he haughty stands
 On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
 Wide torment on the serried files, so us'd
 Frequent in bold emprise, to work sad rout
 And havoc dire; these the bold Briton mows,
 Dauntless as deities exempt from fate,
 Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,
 Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
 Such is the power of Ale with vines embower'd,
 While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip;
 Sullen he sits, and sighing oft extols
 The beverage they quaff, whose happy soil
 Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
 Adorns with waving crithe (joyous scenes
 Of vegetable gold!) Secure they dwell,
 Nor feel the' eternal snows that clothe their cliffs;
 Nor curse the' inclement air, whose horrid face
 Scowls like that Arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds

Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
 Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
 Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
 Snug in their straw-built huts or darkling earth'd
 In cavern'd rock they live (small need of art
 To form spruce architrave or cornice quaint
 On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace.
 Prepar'd)—There on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
 Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing Ale
 Surcharg'd, or brew'd in planetary hour,
 When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale ;
 Or in October tunn'd, and mellow grown
 With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
 Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense ;
 Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
 Of Arthur's imitative, large sirloin
 Of ox, or virgin-heifer, wont to browse
 The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil
 Replete with clover grass and foodful shrub :)
 Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
 Meet paragon (as far as great with small
 May correspond) from some Panchæan hill
 Imbrown'd with sultry skies, thin set with palm
 And olive rarely interspers'd, whose shade
 Skreens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
 The quiver'd Arab's vagrant clan that waits
 Insidious some rich caravan, which fares
 To Mecca, with barbaric gold full fraught.

‘ Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
 Patient of arms, still quash the' aspiring Gaul,
 Blest by my boon; which when they slightly prize,
 Should they, with high defence of triple brass
 Wide-circling, live immur'd, (as erst was tried
 By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening moon

Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent horns,
Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
Should there resistless ravage, as of old
Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
Was wont when first his marshall'd peerage pass'd
The subject Rhine. What though Britannia boasts
Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
'Tis Ale that warms her sons to' assert her claim,
And with full volley makes her naval tubes
Thunder disastrous doom to' opponent powers.

‘ Nor potent only to enkindle Mars,
And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls;
It science can encourage, and excite
The mind to ditties blithe and charming song.
Thou Pallas! to my speech just witness bear;
How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld
At crambo merry met, and hymning shrill
With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk
In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols show,
Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
Chritheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl.
(Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
Ere he the' embattled Pylians led, to quell
The pride of Dardan youth in hosting dire?)
Or if, with front unblest, came towering in
Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
His scimitar with huge two-handed sway,
Alarm'd with threatening accent, harsher far
Than that ill-omen'd sound, the bird of night,
With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful doom;

Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van
That crowds his gonfalcon of seven-foot size,
And with their rubied faces stand the foe ;
Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
And run with ears erect ; as the tall stag
Unharbour'd by the woodman quits his lair,
And flies the yearning pack which close pursue ;
So they, not bowsy, dread the' approaching foe ;
They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches, stagnant gurge,
Soph rowls on soph promiscuous—Caps aloof
Quadratic and circular confus'dly fly,
The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
By Thracia's coadjutant and the roar
Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gnsts.'

She said :—the sire of gods and men supreme,
With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful ; from his shaken locks
Ambrosial fragrance flew : the signal giv'n
By Ganymede, the skinker soon was ken'd ;
With Ale he heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
But Bacchus murmur'ring left the' assembled powers.

THE
FALL OF CHLOE'S JORDAN¹.

Of wasteful havoc and destructive fate
I sing the tragic scene, a mournful tale !
Yet call no slaughtering hero to my aid,
To strew my bloodless verse with mangled foes,
A torrent spilt, but not of human gore,
Ruin deform'd, but not of man erect.

O heaven-born Muse ! (for Muse I must invoke
Or mistress fair, for fashion or for need)
Deign to describe the memorable Fall
Of Chloe's Jordan ; so by mortals nain'd
The vessel was, howe'er uncouth the sound,
But veil'd by modest maids in gentler terms :
Like Rome, the mistress of the world, it fell,
From its own greatness only not secure.

Say first, what colours stain'd its vaulted sides,
Lest harmless bards mistake the' important truth,
And speak as fancy leads or rhyme directs ;
And he that terms it white as silver swans
And spotless innocence, and new-fall'n snow,
That spreads its plumes on Atlas' bleaky head,
Shall suffer blemish in the wrong compare.
Another humorous sports and jeers its hue.

¹ This poem was printed as Mr. Philips's in The Poetical Calendar, vol. iv.

Earthly and coarse, of substance indigest.
How oft are men by devions error led
To wander varions, wide alike from truth!
A sickly pale languish'd on the' inner round,
Such as betrays the want of love-sick maids ;
Foe to the rosy cheek and coral lip,
But flies the lusty touch of warmer man,
And beauty reassumes its native seat.
Smooth were its sides, but from the bottom rose
A manly head emboss'd, for hero meant
No question, fam'd for arms and antique stem :
Such honours the well-meaning vulgar pay
To fame of gallant men, and waste their skill
On high-hung signs, and earth of homely hue.
What blushes did the virile image cost
The harmless maid ! fearful lest so employ'd
The amorous stone should soften into life,
As erst Pygmalion's marble mistress chang'd
Her Parian substance, by less motive sway'd.
Without, the cernlous dye bestrew'd the urn,
And on the swelling surface, Flora's pride,
The lily and the gaudy tulip smil'd,
Fed with the briny nectar it contain'd.
One handle held the vessel, arch'd and smooth,
But for its weighty office far unfit :
Here weakness lurk'd in comely form disguis'd,
Hence the sad source and root of all our woe :
Imprudent man too often trusts his fate
To one smooth friend, who shrinks when nearly
tried.
The unsuspecting fair-one never fail'd
At morn and eve to dew its spacious womb,
At morn her first, at eve her latest act.
How often has it flow'd with maiden streams

Fam'd for rare virtues, and but seldom found?

'Twas with this magic stream Diana spread
The branchy horns on bold Acteon's brow;
The well e'er since a secret power retains
On human foreheads antlers to convey.

'Twas now the heavy period fix'd by Fate
Hasten'd apace, with evil mischief fraught.

'Tis true no comet stream'd terrific blaze,
Nor thunder-crack sinistrous roar'd aloud;
Not but a crazy sound gave certain proof
Of hidden crack, foreboding wider wounds,
Yet 'scap'd suspicion. Foresight ever fails
When unavoid'd ruin is decreed.

The feeble Sun, array'd with lifeless flames,
Inn'd at the bearded Goat, and drove his car
Extinguish'd heavy half the tour of heav'n,
And winter, keen of breath, blew shivering cold
Around the globe and hid the voluble streamis:
Some to the chimney's warm protection fly,
And fright the sooty earth with sooty tale
Of sprite nocturnal or adventurous knight;
Some bid defiance to the inclement air,
Fir'd with the juicy flame of old Falern.

Amidst a jovial crew fair Chloe quaff'd
With loud carouse, till sated nature crav'd
Timely relax, distent with liquid pain.

Alone she lifts the Jordan to her aid,
And straight a hideous din 'gan roar aloud;
Wave dash'd on wave, deluge on deluge roll'd,
And curl'd the circling eddy to the brim.
Whole cataracts at once discharg'd fell down
With violent gush, and drove the deep cascade,
Till weary of its load the labouring urn
Flew from its hold: a horrid burst ensues,

And mangled limbs bestrew the bruised floor:
Not louder roars the three-edg'd bolt of heav'n
When form'd by Vulcan, or when thrown by Jove.
Forth from the hideous shreds a tepid sea
Rolls angry foam, and smokes along the plain:
Part of the stream with slow and silent pace
Sunk unobserv'd, in narrow crannies lost,
Part murmurs crowding at the portal wide
Which opes the mazy way that winding leads
To the' ancient race of earth: protected mice,
The race exiguous, uninur'd to wet,
Their mansions quit, and other countries seek.

Thus fell the Jordan, that had long withstood,
Firm and resolv'd, the shock of mighty waves,
Which lost their strength and dash'd her shores in
vain;

Till, at the' approach of one impetuous tide,
Fate took the' occasion and confirm'd its doom.

So the fam'd Edistone near Plymouth Fort
(Sure mark to wandering ships and lost at night)
Contemn'd the billows tumbling round its sides
And mock'd their sports, till on a fatal night
The wind blew loud, the' enraged ocean roar'd,
And plung'd the Pharos in the vast abyss.

BACCHANALIAN SONG¹.

COME fill me a glass, fill it high;
A bumper a bumper I'll have:
He's a fool that will flinch; I'll not bate an inch,
Though I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls
Who like me will never give o'er;
Whom no danger controls, but will take off their
bowls,
And merrily stickle for more.

Drown Reason, and all such weak foes,
I scorn to obey her command;
Could she ever suppose, I'd be led by the nose,
And let my glass idly stand?

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
And bring us to politic thinking.

¹ This Song is printed in the fourth volume of Nichol's Select Collection; and is supposed to have been written by Mr. Phillips in a subjoined note.

Fill them all, I'll have six in a hand,
For I've trifled an age away;
'Tis in vain to command; the fleeting sand
Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my Lads! move the glass; drink about;
We'll drink the universe dry;
We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out;
If once we grow sober, we die.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, 103, Goswell Street.

VA
1523371



